POPULAR ELECTIONS.

THE STEADY GROWTH OF INTEREST IN STATE ELECTIONS.

Lessons That May Be Drawn From the New York State and National Elections—The Percentage of Voters to the Population Greater In the Country.

A comparison of the election returns at the end of the last century, about the time of the adoption of the constitution of the United States, with the returns for the last presidential election, shows how widely the suffrage has extended in the United States. In Massachusetts, between 1778 and 1794, the proportion of votes cast to the population varied from 2 to 5 per cent. In several counties of the state of New York there were cast at the election of 1892 almost one-third as many votes as there were inhabitants.

It is the habit of many people to take it for granted that the earlier institutions of the United States were more democratic than the present ones, and that the tendency of these times is to put the political power in the hands of a few men and to take it away from the multitude. No such theory is borne out by the election returns. At one of the most hotly contested elections in Virginia, when Chief Justice Marshall's father was a candidate for membership in the house of burgesses, or what would correspond to assemblyman here, there was only one vote cast to every 10 inhabitants, a ratio smaller than that cast in any county in this state for a great many years. There was a property qualification for electors in this contest, and it was frequently the case that the voting, instead of being by secret ballot, was viva voce. There were so few electors that they would all come together on election day, and their names would be called, every man naming his choice.

With all the talk about the large vote of the city of New York and the power of its majorities to settle the result in the state, it is somewhat contradictory that the election figures should show that New York has the smallest ratio of voters to inhabitants—less than half as large as the ratio in many of the rural counties. Brooklyn comes next and Buffalo third.

Throughout the state it is general that the Democratic counties cast fewer votes to the number of their inhabitants than the Republican counties. In New York the number of inhabitants to each voter is 6.89, in Kings 5.95 and in Erie 5.06, while in Cortlandt and Otsego the ratio is 3.11 to 1; 3.16 in Yates, 3.35 in Genesee, 3.33 in Delaware, 3.35 in Allegany, 3.26 in Madison, 3.37 in Ontario, 3.22 in St. Lawrence. This shows a ratio twice as large in New York and almost twice as large in Brooklyn and Buffalo as in the rural counties.

There are two main reasons to account for this. One is the difference in the election laws in the cities and in the counties, and the other is the difference in the character of the population. It cannot be a difference in politics, for Schoharie, one of the few rural Democratic counties, shows a ratio of 3.13, and Greene, another Democratic county, has a ratio of 3.36. The percentage of voters is lower in the cities than in the rural districts. The two counties of Schenectady and Schoharie are Democratic and contiguous. Schoharie is a purely agricultural county, while a great part of the population of Schenectady county is in Schenectady, which is a flourishing little city. Schenectady has 6,000 more population than Schoharie, but it casts several hundred fewer votes, and there is a difference of a third in their ratios.

One reason for the high ratios in New York, Brooklyn and Buffalo is the large number of aliens in those cities. The aliens count in the population, but they do not count in the number of voters. According to the state census New York's population is one-fourth alien, and the ratio in Buffalo is almost as high.

Another thing is the difference in election laws. In the cities a man has to go to the polling place twice to vote—once to register and once to cast his ballot. In the country he has to go only once and that time to vote. His name may be put on the registration list by his friends.

A comparison of these returns with the election returns at the time of the Revolutionary war and the adoption of the constitution shows that political interest is increasing every year, and that the percentage of those who participate in elections is also increasing. In Massachusetts toward the close of the last century, when discussions respecting the federal constitution were going on and when there had been an actual rebellion in one part of the state, not over 6 per cent of the population voted, although the census of those days shows that about three times that percentage of men were entitled to vote. In New York state at the last election the census and registrations lists were almost identical in many districts, and there were some districts where there were more votes cast than the census showed of residents in the district in the spring when the census was taken.

It may be that to the rich men and men engrossed in the management of large business affairs politics and political matters are not relatively so important as they were when the United States began, but a comparison of the election returns shows that aside from the widening of the franchise the proportion of those who vote is greater in this state than ever before.—New York Sun.

Oiling Shears.

If your shears squeak or bind while you are using them, run your finger thoughtfully down the side of your nose and rub it over the inside of the blades, and the scissors will generally work as easily and noiselessly as any one could desire. There is always a little oil collected in the corners on the outside of one's nostrils, and those who know it can "oil up" squeaky shears without trouble or without fear of making the scissors greasy. Another simple way to accomplish the same end is to draw the blades of the shears over the hair, on which, when it is healthy, there is always a little oil.—Writer.

May be the Meanest Man in Pennsylvania.

NORRISTOWN, September 4.—Harry Kummer was arrested in Allegheny City last night by Chief Rodenbaugh and brought to Norristown. He is charged with robbing a small bank belonging to the children of Alonzo Rex of Hickorytown, while one of the children lay dead in the room. Kummer was committed for court.

One-third of the California fruit ranches are either owned or managed by women.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden corn!
Eons ago of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and tasseled sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest,
And by dew and shower from its natal hour
With honey and wine 'twas fed
Till the gods were fain to share with men
The perfect feast outspread,
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the incas
Offered the heaven sent maize—
Grains wrought of gold in a silver fold
For the sun's enraptured gaze,
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields, but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And lavish as leaves and flowers the sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold,
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold,
But the shield of the great republic,
The glory of the west,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled corn,
Of all our wealth the best.
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the north may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the south adorn,
But the wide republic's emblem
Is the bounteous golden corn!

—Edna Dean Proctor in Century.

Disrobed In the Street.

There is a young colored damsel in Washington whose soul is at present filled with wrath because of the summary action taken by a society woman to whom she had been handmaiden. With ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the young woman proved herself conversant by making away with articles of value. Among these was a silk dress of which her mistress had been especially fond. Though accused of the theft, the woman stoutly denied it and took her dismissal, vehemently protesting her innocence. Not long afterward, as the daughter of Ham was sailing down the street in all the glory of the stolen garment, she came upon her mistress rapidly walking toward her with the look of a great purpose in her eye.

Retreat was impossible, as was a failure to comply with the astonishing demand that she then and there divest herself of the gown. As the alternative was to be immediately handed over to the police, the perturbed young woman did as she was bid with all speed possible, and in as brief a time as it takes to tell the tale she stood with her ebony perfections exposed to public view while in an opposite direction her former mistress walked away, bearing in triumph the stolen property.—Kate Field's Washington.

How Not to Exterminate the Indians.

Let us not vigorously crowd the Indians to abandon tribal organization. If this is done before they are ready for it, they will surely lapse into degradation. Let them remain in compact bodies on reservations to help one another over the change and do not compel them to commingle and compete with the white race in a struggle in which they must be hopelessly doomed. Slowly by law and by instruction teach them the value of our property laws. Do not force citizenship upon them, but let them sue for it. We should hold ourselves ever ready to grant it, but let them first discover its benefits. If such a policy is maintained for two generations more, the problem will be solved—the remnant of the Indians will be saved and absorbed in modern enlightenment.—Major J. W. Powell in Forum.

Mixing Melodies.

What on the lips of the "intellectual doubter" would have been only profane sarcasm was irresistibly funny because of its innocence, when Lewis, his imagination fired by the first opera he had ever witnessed, inextricably mixed up Moody and Sankey and "The Mikado" as follows: The day following his attendance at the latter performance he burst upon the scandalized maternal vision attired in imitation of his admired Ko-Ko in a patchwork crib quilt and a feather duster in his hands waving accentuation to each syllable as he capered about chanting:

The will of the Lord be done, be done,
And so you had better succumb, cumb, cumb!

—Washington News.

Just Like a Man.

Mrs. Stocks—If we move into that cheap house, we'll lose caste.

Mr. Stocks—Don't care if we do. It's the best we can afford without running hopelessly in debt, and besides it's a comfortable place anyhow.

Mrs. Stocks—Huh! Just like a man. Only so you can be comfortable and pay every little bill as quick as it comes in, you don't care what the world thinks.—New York Weekly.

The Dominion of Canada has an area of 3,457,000 square miles and comprises one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe. It is the largest of all the British possessions, Australia, the next in size, containing 2,944,628 square miles.

The boy who is whacked, cuffed, kicked, half starved, overworked and otherwise neglected, generally, if he keeps out of prison and does not die, makes the best man.—Exchange.

Fogg has about made up his mind that life is hardly worth the living in these days when a man has to keep posted on so many things that are not worth knowing.

The oldest statue of the world is of the sheik of an Egyptian village. It is believed to be not less than 6,000 years old.

The Great Eastern was the largest ship ever built—680 feet long, 83 broad, 30 deep and 28,627 tons burden.

One of Gould's Maps Still Doing Service.

C. E. Follett and O. M. Follett of this place and their brother, Dr. H. B Follett of Brooklyn, paid a visit to their old homestead at Roxbury last Sunday, the first for a number of years. While there they still found hanging in its old place a map of Delaware county by J. y Gould. This map was purchased by their father in 1857, and was left hanging when he sold the farm in 1880. O. M. Follett now has the map and prizes it very highly.

A SAVAGE CANARY.

One of the Very Latest of Wild Stories About Well Known Animals.

So many stories have been told recently of battles between tigers and snakes, wildcats and elephants, eagles and alligators and codfish and wild hogs that the following accurate description of an encounter between a tomcat and a canary bird cannot fail to be interesting:

The tomcat and the canary were the property of an animal dealer on the west side who has long had a reputation for veracity. The canary was noted for its fierceness. It is a female bird about 3 years old with bright yellow feathering. The tomcat is quite white, with four legs, and weighs—or rather weighed—about 12 pounds.

During the morning it was noticed that the canary seemed unusually savage. She paced up and down her cage in a great rage, gnashing her teeth and glaring at the poor cat, toward whom it turned out she had developed a fierce antipathy.

The keeper secured the door of the cage, as he thought, firmly, but during a paroxysm of temper the canary smashed the fastening and was free.

What a moment! The unfortunate tomcat gave a cry of terror and looked around for some means of escape, but there was none, the door of the room in which the carnivorous animals were kept being locked.

The proprietor of the menagerie could do nothing. Spellbound he watched the uneven contest, fearing all the time that the fury of the canary bird would be expended on himself.

With a piteous moan the wretched tomcat felt the talons of the canary bird sink into his head. He raised himself and tried to fight her off, but the bird parried his every blow and fiercely pecked at his eyes.

Once the cat seized the bird in his paw, but she got away from him in a moment with the loss of only one feather. She returned to the charge and rendered one of the cat's eyes blind with her sharp bill.

The fight had lasted five minutes, and the cat had all the worst of it. He was panting, and every now and then rolled over exhausted, uttering pitiful cries. Though he was valued at $100, the keeper of the menagerie, who was armed with a sword and a shotgun, did not dare to interfere to save him. The blood of the canary was up, and she meant to slay the cat.

It was not long before the awful work was accomplished. The bird by an adroit movement common to canaries when in conflict with quadrupeds rendered the poor Thomas cat quite blind. Then, at her leisure, with a series of fierce jabs, she penetrated his brain, and he rolled over completely dead.

The boss was trembling for his own safety, but it now seemed that the savage instincts of the canary had been satisfied, for with a jaunty air she regained her cage and began to warble a song of victory.

It meant life or death to shut the door, but the brave boss crept courageously up to the cage and succeeded in accomplishing this feat. Then he ran out into the street and fainted. The nerve pressure had been too great for him.—New York Herald.

The Value of a Little Thing.

In a little volume of lectures by Henry Irving, just published, is a story which illustrates the actor's motto, "While trifles make perfection perfection is no trifle." "This lesson was enjoined on me when I was a very young man," he says, "by that remarkable actress, Charlotte Cushman. I remember that when she played Meg Merrilies I was cast for Henry Bertram. It was my duty to give Meg Merrilies a piece of money, and I did it after the traditional fashion of handing her a large purse full of coin of the realm, in the shape of broken crockery, which was generally used in financial transactions on the stage. But after the play Miss Cushman said to me: 'Instead of giving me that purse, don't you think it would have been much more natural if you had taken a number of coins from your pocket and given me the smallest? That is the way one gives alms to a beggar, and it would have added to the realism of the scene.' I have never forgotten that lesson."

Noah Left the Ark on April 29.

Saturday, April 29, is the day marked in all ancient calendars as being the one on which Noah and his family quitted the ark after having withstood the siege of the great deluge. The day is marked in all ancient calendars, especially British, as egressus Noae de arca; the 17th of March, the day upon which Noah, his family and their great floating collection of natural history specimens set sail, being designated in the same class of early printed literature as introitus Noae in arca, "the day of Noah's entrance into the ark." Why these days were chosen as the ones upon which the supposed embarkation and debarkation were made are enigmas which the antiquarians have not yet solved.—St. Louis Republic.

The Trouble With a Cold.

"S'matter?"

"I got an awful cold," replied Colonel Morney.

"Have you"——

"Yes, I have. I have polished my bronchial tubes with 'Conlin's Consumption Coughine."

"No, but have you"——

"Yes! Course I have. I've had goose grease rubbed all over my throat and chest, and I"——

"But, I say hold on, have you"——

"I tell you there's nothing I haven't tried. I took a hot bath, drank a pint of boiling lemonade and rubbed my hide almost off with Mustang liniment, but"——

"Now, listen! Have you"——

"Yes, I have. Tried them all, but they're no good. Why, last night I"——

"That's all right, but have you"——

"Have I what?"

"Have you time to go over to Flynn's and have something?"

"Why the deuce didn't you talk sense at the start?" responded the colonel. "I'm with you."—Exchange.